
Title: The King of Skye

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East of the moon and
west of the sun was a
place where a beautiful
Island rose from the sea.
The Isle of Skye. A
wonderful people inhabited
this paradise. Crowned
with lofty montains. There
were fields of ripe grain,
and other crops in
abundance. Forests of
many types of trees,
garlands of flowers
graced its hills. Clouds of
pastel hues floated over
a land lit by a warm
sun. There was a friendly
race on the Island. They
farmed and kept fat
cattle, goats and wooly
white sheep. Fish swam
around in abundance and
birds sang and flew thru
its trees. The mountain
provided an ore from
which an adamantine steel
was made for tools and
weapons. They even had a
small very well trained
army armed with these
unique swords and spears.
They were specially
blessed. There was a
ruling King and his
followers who directed his
people. He was called the
Fisher King. Not a harsh
ruler but a much loved
monarch. When his people
had a festival.. he was
there. When the ships
went out fishing the King
often joined them for he
loved to fish. His was a
long line that served and
protected the islanders.
His name was Fergus Mac
Fingal. A warrior and a

King any land would be
proud of. With his son
in law , Roland the true,
who had married the
Kings daughter they
watched over the land.

Near the sea on a
mountain was the kings
castle. A dream in stone
with elegant turrets and
sturdy towers it graced
the mountainside as if it
had grown from the spot.
There were trees and
flowers everywhere, A
path led from the Kings
gate to a river where
the King , and some of
the local folk fished. As
they sat by his favorite
spot they would chat and
hum tunes of old. Fergus,
from his days as a young
prince had been entrusted
with protecting the Grail.
It was the most valuable
thing on the isle and
some said brought them
the blessings they
enjoyed. It was housed in
a beautiful chapel. Daily
the King prayed here for
it to all continue as it
was.

At the foot of the
mountain, was a large
lovely manor house where
dwelt the islands
matriarch, Matilda. After
her mother passed away
she had become the
matriarch and watched
over all the simple folks
needs. The manor was
surrounded by great fields
of gorgeous flowers of
all types. Here with
Matilda lived her daughter
Melusine, and her husband
Roland the true. They
had a court of nobles
who watched over the
Kings road and all the
approaches to Corbenie.
Their Kings home. His
people adored the monarch
and trusted him
absolutely.

On the Far end of
the Isle was a twisted
and gnarled stretch of
dark woods and caves. An
orc like twisted race had
slowly grown in numbers
never dreamed of by the
others who lived on
Skye's soil. These
creatures had a wizzened,
twisted old shaman who
was a mage. He saw the
isle as all his and hated
the happy folk at its
other end. In his dank
dark cave he plotted and
planned to be rid of
them all. Torgond was his
name and his folk cringed
at his voice. They started
to make clubs and
crooked swords and axes.
many were poisoned and
some had spells put upon
them.

On a cool spring
evening they were set
upon the good folk of
the island. whose cries
for help were heard
by the guards at the
edge of the main village.
Rapidly word was sent to
the King, who armed
himself and marshalled
his forces. Like a river
of steel they rushed to
the scene of destruction
the evil ones had
started. Their ranks
charged the twisted hoard
before them. The King
was wounded in his legs,
and Roland rushed with
his men to save him.
Roland fell in the press
but his men saved the
King.
Enraged by the loss of
these brave leaders as a
wall of berserkers they
charged the creatures
snarling at them smashing
into the foul ranks. Over
whelmed their foes broke
ranks and started to run,
but the kings men were
upon them mercilessly

they slew them till none
was left. Then carrying
their lost comrades they
marched slowly home. In
his cave Torgond
screamed and raved in
anger but could do
nothing. The locals and
the healers helped the
men, and a large group
carried the wounded King
and his knight to their
homes. Tearfully Matilda
and her daughter Melusine
did as was appropriate
for Roland. Burying him
with honor. In the castle
the healers tried to cure
the king but only had
some success. His legs
were twisted with a
curse from one of the
creatures weapons. It was
weeks before he could
walk stumbling on a cane.
He prayed in his chapel
daily asking for help. One
evening a voice in his
head told him " a knight
will come to heal you and
your island. I have heard
you." the King told his
people and they were glad
but wondered how long till
aid came to them.

Torgond cursed in his
cave and using an old
spell called up a storm
of epic proportions. It
hammered the isle with
wind and rain , there
were fogs of strange
colors making it imposible
to see very far.

The Lady Melusine and
her company took shelter
in the nearest place to
them. her ship. As the
waves mounted up it tore
the ship from its
moorings and dragged it
out to sea. after the
storm, it never came
back. Many watched for
weeks, Matilda cried for
her lost daughter and
husband. A couple of
dozen men and ladies

were on the ship and the
knight her father had
set to guard her.

When the storm had
passed the villagers as all
good people do, rebuild
their homes and crofts.

Things returned to near
normal, and they all
waited for the promised
helper to make it all
right again. and they
waited, and they
waited. The king would
hobble down the path to
see his old friends and
fish with them. They
were a tough folk and
knew that it would take
time for the promised
special knight to reach
them . So they took the
best of life they could
make and raised their
children. But now they
hung their swords by
their fireplaces and
locked their doors at
night. And they waited....